

The Juvenile Instructor



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NO. 2.

[For the *Juvenile Instructor*.]

THE ESQUIMAUX AND THEIR HOUSES.

WHAT a strange house, to be sure, are these men building! It is not rock, adobie nor brick. It is a snow house. The builders are Esquimaux. They live away in the far north. The cold is very severe there, and for weeks and months in the winter season the sun is not seen. We think our winter nights long, and are frequently glad when Spring opens that we may have more sunlight; but how gladly must the people who dwell in the far north welcome back the great and glorious orb of day, after an absence of from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and forty days. The huts of the Esquimaux are not always built of blocks of snow. When they can get rocks, they build with them and cover with turf and moss. Whatever the material they use, the shape of the hut is nearly always the same. When built they resemble a rude dome. The entrance to the hut in the winter time is a long tunnel, generally ten or twelve, but sometimes ninety feet long, and just large enough for a man to crawl through. In some huts, above the entrance, there is a rude window; but not of glass. Of that substance they know nothing. They scrape

the intestine of a seal, and stretch it across the opening, much as a bladder would be stretched. If the people want to peep out, they make a small eye-hole. In the roof there is a hole for the smoke to pass through.

The Esquimaux may well be called "iron-men," they endure the most severe cold so bravely. An Esquimaux has been known to sleep upon his sledge in his ordinary winter clothing, with the atmosphere 93 degrees below our freezing point; that is, 61 degrees below zero! Dr.

Elisha Kent Kane, who made an arctic voyage in search of Sir John Franklin, informs us that he saw one of these men standing in the open air, comfortably scratching his naked skin, when the temperature was 50 degrees below zero! He also relates an instance of one of his own crew, an American, who had so inured himself to the cold that on their sledge-journeys he slept without a blanket or any other covering than his walking-suit, while the outside temperature would be 30 degrees below zero!

But the walking dress on such occasions is very warm. The Esquimaux can do with much less clothing than Americans or men born in a warmer climate than theirs. By taking active exercise Doctor Kane tells us that he himself was able to endure the cold out on the floes when the thermometer was at 54 degrees below zero! The cold reached as low as 75 degrees below zero during one of the winters he spent in the north.

To show you the hardships to be endured in traveling in those regions, we will quote Doctor Kane's idea of an outfit, for sledging.

"Give me," said he, "a reindeer fur bag, to sleep in, an Esquimaux lamp with a lump of moss, a sheet-iron snow-melter or a copper soup-pot, with a tin cylinder to slip over good piece of raw walrus; a long journey, if the thermometer will keep itself as high as 30 degrees below zero. Give me a bear skin bag and coffee to boot; and with the clothes on my back I am ready for 60 degrees below zero,—but no wind."

The blowing of the wind, even when the thermometer is no lower, causes the cold to be felt more keenly. But what would we think of traveling in such weather with such an outfit? People not accustomed to it and without



it and defend it from the wind, a beef; and I want nothin' more for a long journey, if the thermometer will keep itself as high as 30 degrees below zero. Give me a bear skin bag and coffee to boot; and with the clothes on my back I am ready for 60 degrees below zero,—but no wind."

training would quickly perish. Not so with the hardy men who had endured several winters in those desolate and forbidding regions. He adds:

"Keep the blood in motion, without loitering on the march, and for the halt raise a snow house; or, if the snow lie scant, ensconce yourself in a burrow or under the lee of a hummock slab. The outside fat of your walrus sustains your little moss fire; its frozen slices give you bread, its frozen blubber gives you butter, its scraggy ends give you soup. The snow supplies you with water. Spread out your bear bag; stuff your reindeer-bag inside, hang your boots up outside, take a blade of bone, and scrape off all the ice from your furs. Now crawl in, the whole party of you, feet foremost," and then sleep.

The huts of the Esquimaux are kept warm by burning lamps. These are their only fires, and what cooking they do, which is very little, is done by them. They burn the blubber of the walrus and other fatty substances. It is surprising how much heat these lamps will give. When the cold has been 30 degrees below zero, the heat inside one of these huts, when the family was in it, has been raised by two lamps to 90 degrees above zero, making a difference of 120 degrees! Inside their huts they strip perfectly naked, except a bandage which the women wear around their hips. Of course, a hut built of snow, like the one in the engraving, would be an unpleasant place to lodge in if the heat inside should be very great. The dripping of the melting snow would make it disagreeable.

The children born and brought up in these valleys would not enjoy play in those bleak northern regions. But the Esquimaux children are content and happy, and are fond of play. They play ball and bat among the snow-drifts when they can. The ball is made out of a round bone, and the bat is the curved rib of the walrus or some other animal; they use these also for "shinny-sticks." At these games they enjoy themselves as well as boys do in warmer climates. It is remarkable that man can adapt himself to every climate on the globe, and become attached to his residence and find happiness in his pursuits. We are happy in our climate, because we are used to it. But we think we would not like to live in sultry Africa or wintry Greenland; and wonder how people can live in such countries. But they think as much of their birth-places as we do of ours. They know no other climate, and are contented. In our travels we have often remarked that people who lived in the most forbidding-looking places were most fondly attached to their homes. Yet a climate that is neither too hot nor too cold seems best adapted to man. He makes the greatest progress in such a climate. In very cold countries the hardships men endure are against them; in very hot countries, they grow indolent and lack energy. But a climate like that of this Territory is very favorable to the people. We should be thankful for it, and that we were not born in the ice-bound lands of the north, or in the hot and feverish lands of the South.

DR. FRANKLIN once remarked, "When I see a house well furnished with books, newspapers and magazines, there I generally see intelligent and well-informed children; but where there are no books or newspapers, the children are often found ignorant, if not profligate."

A CERTAIN amount of opposition is a great help to a man. Kites rise against the wind, and not with the wind; even a head wind is better than none. No man ever worked his passage anywhere in a dead calm. Let no man wax pale, therefore, because of opposition; opposition is what he wants and must have, to be good for anything. Hardship is the native soil of manhood and self-reliance.

[For the Juvenile Instructor.

Chemistry of Common Things.

POTASH SALTS.

NOW, in the formation of SALTS, the same kind of combination described as "substitution," produces them. In one of our experiments we made some hydrogen gas; some slips of zinc were put in a bottle and some hydrochloric acid was poured over, or sulphuric acid might have been used. How was hydrogen evolved? Let us see our material. H. Cl. (hydrochloric acid) plus the metal zinc, Zn. If we have read the last lesson carefully we can explain this by an equation:



The chlorine of the acid has a greater attraction for the metal zinc than it has for the hydrogen, so it dissolves partnership with hydrogen, and takes up with Zn. So you see, children, you will never have any difficulty in obtaining hydrogen gas for your balloons if you can get some zinc and a dilute acid. Or, other metals with dilute acids may be used for the same purpose, as iron and copper.

Now the above fluid, obtained by dissolving zinc in hydrochloric acid, upon evaporation yields a white substance. This is a salt, zincic chloride or chloride of zinc. If, instead of the metal zinc, sodium took the place of hydrogen, the chloride of sodium would be formed; the well-known substance, common salt. Or, suppose we use potash and hydrochloric acid, we get a chloride of potash they combine, as seen in this equation: H. Cl. plus O.K.H., equals Cl. K. plus 2 H. Then there is a union of iodine and potassium, forming the iodide of potassium, useful in medicine and in photography. But the nitrate of potash will be the most interesting to the young student, being one of the ingredients of gunpowder. This salt is in formula N. 5 O. plus K. O. Then there is chlorate of potassa, used for our lucifer matches, (K. Cl. 3 O.) After noticing which, we will begin to study another similar metal, sodium. The nitrate of potash, or nitre as some call it, used to be called salt-petre; it is formed of the elements nitrogen, oxygen, and potassium. When mixed with sulphur, phosphorus, charcoal or sugar, the mixture explodes by the contact of a spark, by friction, and by percussion. It is too dangerous to use as gunpowder; but when prepared with gun-water, it is used to dip lucifer matches in, to set fire to the sulphur. But in gunpowder, the nitre is mixed with sulphur and charcoal to form a paste. This is, while soft, squeezed through proper sieves to form small grains, and then dried for use. It is a dangerous business. Let us look at the elements of which this explosive compound is formed. K. O. N. S. C., potassium, oxygen, nitrogen, sulphur and carbon. You may see the danger, children, if you remember how fearful the elements are of which it is composed! What terrible combinations, when the oxygen is suddenly withdrawn from the nitrate of potash, the nitrogen suddenly liberated and expanded into gas! Sulphur—and carbon, again, as suddenly inflamed; plenty of oxygen to supply the mass. Carbonic acid and carbonic oxide gases all liberated, heated and expanded at the same instant. And yet some little boys will play with firearms, and even put fire-works in their pockets! Yes; and matches too at the same time were in the pocket of a very little boy last fourth of July! Oh! there is great danger, and too little care, dear children; life is often lost for want of knowing that which you, as chemists, are

now acquainted with. Would you believe it, a little boy had his pockets full of serpents, squibs, and crackers, while other boys were letting off their fire-works, only one spark happened to go into his pocket, in an instant a frightful explosion took place. Poor fellow! he was never able to play with fire-works again.

BETH.

[For the *Juvencile Instructor.*
MISSIONARY SKETCHES.

IN early days in California every thing was valued at a high priece. There were ten of us, Elders, who wanted to get passage from San Francisco to Honolulu, the principal town on the Sandwich Islands. After trying for some days we succeeded in obtaining a passage between decks on the good ship "*Imaum of Muscat*," Captain Ritches, commander. We had to find our own bedding; but the captain agreed to furnish us food, which we were told was to be the same as they had in the cabin. Either this part of the contract was not kept, or they lived poorly in the cabin; for our fare was not very inviting. But we thought we were lucky in not having to pay more than \$40 in gold for the passage and these privileges. I have seen places that were more comfortable than our quarters between decks. I have been on the sea many times since, and I believe, if I had my choice, I would prefer taking a trip as a cabin passenger on a Cunard steamship in preference to a voyage on the "*Imaum of Muscat*" with its cabin fare and the privilege of sleeping in my own blankets. The "*Imaum*" was low between decks, and then it was so dark there, that for a few minutes after descending, we could see nothing. We had had some rough experience, however, since leaving our homes, and we were not disposed to find fault with our ship or her accommodations.

For one week after embarking we lay in the bay of San Francisco, head winds preventing our sailing. This was tiresome to us, and did not suit the captain, for he had to feed us, at least a part of the time. Probably this week's delay helped him to conclude that cabin fare was too good for us. As soon as the wind became the least favorable the pilot thought it best to get ready for sea, and when the tide turned to go out, about one o'clock in the afternoon, we hoisted sail and started. My recollections of passing out of the Golden Gate, as the mouth of the San Francisco harbor is called, are not very pleasant. We had to beat out, that is, tack from side to side, and the swell came in from the ocean in large, heavy, rolling waves. On each side we could see a long line of breakers running seaward, the foam looking in the distance like large banks of snow.

We had not passed through the Gate when we began to be sea-sick. Those ocean swells will produce sea sickness very quickly. There was no place on deck to be sick without being in the way, so we ran below. I vomited freely and felt relieved, and then went on deck again. The sun was declining in the west, and the sky was angry-looking and threatening, giving every indication of a storm. We were outside the heads, and before us stretched the great Pacific; but there were islands around of which the captain knew but little. He did not like the idea of the pilot leaving him in such a position with darkness approaching and every prospect of a storm. If the captain was anxious to have the pilot remain, the latter was equally desirous of getting away from the ship before nightfall. He had no wish to remain through the storm and to run the risk of being carried out to sea; so when a pilot boat hove in sight, he hailed it, and descend-

ed into the little yawl which came from it for him in such haste that he forgot his water-proof coat. It was very natural, I suppose, for him, after piloting the ship out of the harbor, to be eager to get back before the storm broke upon us; but I believe we all should have felt better if he had remained with us. The captain especially felt the responsibility of his position. Here he was outside of a strange harbor, on a dangerous coast, with a strong wind blowing directly on shore, and darkness upon him and he ignorant of his surroundings!

We had no time to indulge in many reflections upon the subject. Our time was occupied in another direction, for we were all suffering severely from the worst effects of sea-sickness; and notwithstanding the dangers of our situation, the sense of the ridiculous, in my case,—only one bucket among us for every purpose,—overcame fear, and I could not help laughing. Many of our elders and foreign settlers have no doubt been in an exactly similar fix, and all such can imagine our position better than I can describe it. My levity, however, under circumstances so inconvenient and perplexing, offended one of the elders so much that he reprimanded me for it.

While we were thus engaged the noise on deck was very great. The captain had as first-mate a half-caste East Indian, and the most of his hands were Malays. His orders to the mate, and the latter's cries to the hands, and their chattering to one another, made a clamor that sounded loud above the noise of the storm. Right in the midst of our sickness we heard the startling ery from the mate of "Breakers a-head," and that we were close on them. At any other time this would have excited us; but we were so sick we did not mind it. Shortly after this we felt the vessel strike something solid, and she trembled from stem to stern; this was directly followed by a grating sound and a thumping at the stern. The first thought was that she had struck a reef; but as we felt her settle in the trough of the sea, we knew that if she had struck, she had passed over it. The shock that we felt was caused by a heavy breaker striking us; it had broken the wheel ropes, and the grating noise that we heard was the thumping of the helm. Had the breaker gone over us it would have swept the decks clean, or, had the wheel ropes broken a short time before, it is probable the vessel would have been lost.

In considering our narrow escape, afterwards, we felt to give the glory of our deliverance to God. We were His servants, and on His business, and He had preserved us. That night was one of great anxiety to the captain, officers and crew. Notwithstanding our sickness we also realized that we were in a critical position, and exerted all the faith we could. The captain had his wife with him, and so little hope did he have at one time of saving the vessel, that he told her to prepare for eternity, for he did not think we would ever see daylight in this world again. At last the morning dawned, the storm died away, and we were enabled to take our course. Oh, the blessed daylight! how joyfully it was hailed on board that vessel! It did not relieve us from our sea-sickness; but it did from our peril. Several days elapsed before the captain recovered from his fatigues, and hoarseness caused by his shouting his orders that night.

"WHEN a stranger treats me with want of proper respect," said a philosophic poor man, "I comfort myself with the reflection that it is not myself he slighted, but my old shabby coat and hat, which, to say the truth, have no particular claims to admiration. So if my hat and coat choose to fret about it, let them: it is nothing to me."

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GEORGE Q. CANNON - - EDITOR.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 22, 1870.

THE VAUDOIS AND THEIR PERSECUTIONS.

N the valleys of the high Alps, which divide France from Italy, reside a people who are known by the name of the "Vaudois." Those who dwell on the Italian side of the mountains are termed Italian Vaudois, and those on the French side are called French Vaudois. The history of these singular people is a very remarkable one. From early days, hundreds of years ago, they have been the objects of dreadful persecution, and it is a subject of wonder, when these things are remembered, that any remnant of the ancient people of the valleys should be still living. They are famous for their devotion to their religion. They were patient, steadfast, and long-suffering, and were usually ready to endure death even in its most frightful forms, rather than prove false to their religion.

As early as 1343, twelve of the inhabitants of one valley were strangled by the public executioner, for being heretics, which means they would not believe as the Roman Catholics wanted them. In 1393, a hundred and fifty persons of the same valley were burned alive at the same place, by order of a Roman Catholic official. But in 1488 the most terrible destruction took place. A French army had been sent to bring these people to terms or to destroy them. The leader of the army was an officer of the Pope. On the Italian side of the Alps they had been beaten, and could not succeed. But they resolved to have revenge, so they turned their attention to the French side.

The people of one of these valleys, not looking for the soldiers, were surprised by an attack from the army; and as there were 20,000 of their enemies, they left their houses and made for the mountains with all possible haste, their families going with them and driving their flocks before them. On the slope of one of these mountains, about a third of the way up, they found a great cavern, in which they sought shelter. They built up the road to the cavern, filled the mouth with rocks, and considered themselves safe. When the commander of the troops found that he could not get in at the entrance, he sent his men up the mountain with ropes. These they fastened so that they could hang over the mouth of the cavern. A number of armed soldiers then slid down, and landed on a shelf of rock in front of the people who were hid. Having no arms, and being greatly frightened, many of these poor people threw themselves over the rocks and were killed. The soldiers murdered all whom they could reach; then they piled up wood at the cavern mouth and set it on fire, suffocating all who were inside! It is said that three thousand persons were thus destroyed. Four hundred children were afterwards found in the cavern dead in the arms of their murdered mothers.

The property of these poor people was divided amongst their murderers. In the neighboring valleys the persecution was equally bitter; but the people managed to escape to the mountains and were not caught. They were willing to be martyrs, but were resolved never to be apostates. These people frequent-

ly appealed to the King; but their petitions for mercy were seldom heard.

It is instructive to us, who are also persecuted for our religion's sake, to read the history of these poor Vaudois. Bonds, imprisonments, scorchings, burnings and every cruelty that could be heaped upon them failed to turn them from what they thought to be the truth. When they could endure their persecutions no longer they fled to the mountains, where nobody else wanted to live or to follow them. The barrenness of the soil, the coldness of the climate and the difficulty of getting to their villages, proved their security. They lived at the very edge of the snow on the mountains. Persecution did not destroy them nor their religion, and they lived and have preserved the religion of their fathers. In some valleys, though the people are very poor, it is surprising how much care they have bestowed upon education. They almost all understand Latin and French, which they are able to read and write tolerably well.

We learn from the history of these poor people, how difficult it is in a mountainous country, where the people are steadfast in their religion, and place a high value upon it, to crush it out. Nothing but death—complete extermination—could kill this people's belief. The history of the Vaudois contains many important lessons for the Latter-Day Saints. If they could endure so much for the portion of truth which they had, and to preserve their consciences pure, how much more willing should we be, who have the fulness of the everlasting gospel and the holy priesthood to administer its ordinances?

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

AT last the juveniles can see a real railroad in Utah Territory! They have heard and read about the "iron horse" and the speed at which he travels; now they can see him and hear his terrible snort, and even ride behind him. What changes time has produced in our country! It is only two or three years since our Elders going to or returning from missions had to spend weeks in crossing the Plains; now they can sit in a car, on a cushioned seat, and cross in two days. Last Summer if we wished to make a trip to Ogden we had a long ride of several hours in a carriage or wagon; but now—well now the Utah Central Railroad is built. The last rail was laid, and the last spike was driven by President Young, on Monday, the 10th instant. We can ride to Ogden now in two hours or less, and a very pleasant ride it is, too, in these cars, and on this line, owned by the Saints.

Our readers who reside out of the city, and who have never seen a Railroad, will have a great curiosity to see the Utah Central. It is a wonderful sight to see a locomotive running on iron rails at full speed. There are many people in this Territory, who are quite old, who never saw a locomotive or a railroad until they saw this which is now built here. They have kept moving westward ahead of the railroads. We hope the time is not far distant when we shall have a railroad running north and south through the Territory. It would be a great convenience to the people, and would develop the country. Already we have a Telegraph Line, and we want every improvement in this country that they have in other parts. As a people we have a great work to do, and we have but a short time to do it in; therefore, we need every aid we can get to help us. Lightning and steam and improved machinery all save labor, and help men to perform a large amount of work in a short time.

WRITE your name in kindness, love and mercy, on the hearts of those you come in contact with, and you will never be forgotten.

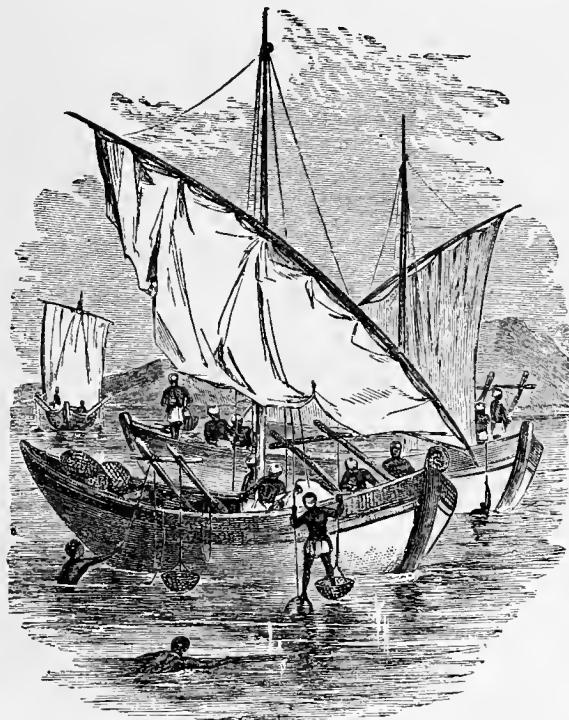
[For the *Juvenile Instructor*.
FISHING FOR PEARLS.

MOST of our young readers, we presume, are aware that pearls unlike other gems are not dug out of deep mines, or found scattered about on the surface of the earth, but are obtained from between the shells of certain fish, such as oysters, and muscles. The fishes themselves cause them to grow there, for should a grain of sand, or other small body, accidentally get inside their shells, they cover it over with a slimy substance, to prevent it hurting their tender bodies; this gradually hardens and a pearl is formed.

Our engraving represents a fleet of boats engaged in fishing for the pearl oysters, most probably in the neighborhood of the island of Ceylon, as it is there that the largest and richest pearl fisheries exist.

Owing to the fact of the pearl oyster being found, like the common oyster, in great abundance in certain localities, regular fisheries have been established, some of which have furnished pearls for many hundred years. Those near the island of Ceylon, to which we just referred, were well known in the days of Jesus.

Pearls are generally obtained either by diving or dredging, but most generally by diving. You may see the divers, in our picture, one ready to descend, with his feet on the baskets, in which they place the oysters. It is a very hard life, and these divers are generally said to be unhealthy and short-lived. They usually remain



under the water filling these baskets with the fish from fifty to eighty seconds; not often longer; but we have heard of one of this class, who lived about seventy-five years ago, who would actually remain under water for full six minutes. The fishing season takes place in March, and lasts about a month, during which time the divers will make forty or fifty descents a day, bringing up about a hundred fish each time.

Perhaps no fishery of any kind produces so much wealth, and gives so much scope for speculation, during its short duration, as the pearl fisheries. During the

months of February, March and April, the shores near the fishing grounds, almost look as though a large fair was being held. Here are found Hindoos, Jews, jewelers, merchants, boatmen, divers, conjurors to look after the sharks and take care of the divers, Brahmius, Roman Catholic priests and many others. The merchants and jewelers are very busy and excited, often speculating on the contents of the boats before their arrival from the fishing grounds.

The fleet of boats leaves the shore at ten at night upon the firing of a signal gun, and returns about noon the following day. As soon as the boats appear the gun is again fired and the flags are hoisted, and then such a Babel commences! No sooner do the boats reach the strand than questions and answers are shouted out in twenty different languages regarding the result of the cruise. The cargo of each boat is landed in a very short time, and taken possession of by the owners, who at once commence opening the shells and hunting for the pearls. These pass into other hands as soon as found, and then the excitement becomes greater than ever, caused by the hawkers and others engaged in preparing the gems for other markets, as they are drilled and cleaned on the spot.

In ancient times pearls were more highly valued than they are now, and were highly prized for jewelry. Many of you have doubtless heard of one very valuable pearl, which Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, at a banquet she gave to the Roman General, Mark Anthony, drank to the health of her noble guest, in a goblet of strong vinegar. Its value was rated at an almost fabulous sum; but from the fact of her using it as an ear-ring, it must have been much smaller than some in existence now, as they are far too large to be used for such a purpose. These larger ones are now valued at a less price than that of Cleopatra's in her day.

Pearls are not only found in Ceylon, at the southern extremity of Hindostan, but also in Persia, and other parts bordering on the Indian Ocean. Pearls of a smaller size, generally called seed pearls, are also found in the waters that wash the shores of Britain, quite a trade being carried on in them in some parts of Wales.

G. R.

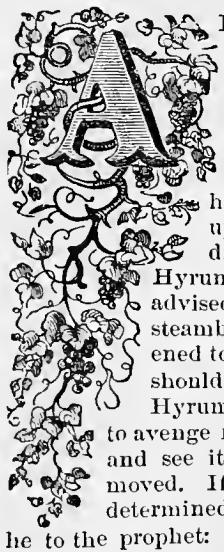
LITTLE Willie having hunted in all the corners for his shoes, at last appears to give them up, and climbing on a chair betakes himself to a big book lying on the side-table. Mother says to him: "What's darling doing with the book?" "It's the dictionary; papa lookth in the dictionary for things, and I am looking to see if I can find my shoes."

LAYARD's explorations of Nineveh have furnished some striking confirmations of the scriptures. Take the following coincidence: "The Bible tells us that Hezekiah rebelled against the King of Assyria; that in the fourteenth year of Hezekiah's reign, Senacherib came up against all the fenced cities of Judea, and took from Hezekiah three hundred talents of silver and thirty of gold. Now, compare this with the historical inscription on Senacherib's palace: Because Hezekiah, King of Judea, did not submit to my yoke, I took and plundered forty-six of his strong fenced cities, and innumerable small towns, but I left him Jerusalem, his capital city; and because Hezekiah still refused to pay homage, I attacked and carried off the whole population around Jerusalem, with thirty talents of gold and eight hundred talents of silver."

[For the *Juvenile Instructor*.]

Biography.

JOSEPH SMITH, THE PROPHET.

BOUT this time, Joseph wrote also to those of the Twelve Apostles who were absent on missions, to come home immediately, as he was anxious to have them with him; for he felt that trouble was thickening around him; and no doubt he desired to have his friends—the men he could rely upon—near to him in the hour of difficulty. He was anxious to get Hyrum, his brother, out of the way. He advised him to take his family on the next steamboat to Cincinnati. If anything happened to himself, he was anxious that Hyrum should live. Said he: "I wish I could get Hyrum out of the way, so that he may live to avenge my blood; and I will stay with you and see it out." But Hyrum could not be moved. If Joseph suffered and died, he was determined to suffer and die with him. Said he to the prophet: "Joseph, I cannot leave you."

Joseph saw, from a letter of the Governor's, and by the spirit that was manifested, that there was no feeling of mercy towards the Saints, or disposition to treat them with any degree of fairness. He was well convinced that if he and his brother Hyrum could get out of the way, and the Saints would be still and go quietly about their business, trouble would be avoided. In speaking upon this point he said: "There is no doubt they will come here and search for us. Let them search, they will not harm you in person or property, not even a hair of your heads." He remarked to brother Stephen Markham that, if he and Hyrum were ever taken again, they would be massacred, or he was not a prophet of God. He added: "I want Hyrum to live to avenge my blood, but he is determined not to leave me."

Under the circumstances which then surrounded him, it was natural that Joseph's mind should be led to reflect on the best means of extricating the Saints and himself from the trouble with which they were threatened. The Lord at this time revealed to him that he should flee to the Rocky Mountains. He made up his mind to do so, and on the evening of the 22nd of June he took leave of his family, with the intention of crossing the Mississippi river, there to make his preparations for the journey. His companions were his brother Hyrum and Dr. Willard Richards. While waiting on the river-bank for the skiff, he sent for Judge W. W. Phelps, and gave him instructions to take their families to Cincinnati, and when he arrived there to commence petitioning the President of the United States and Congress for redress of grievances, and thus learn whether they would grant the church liberty and equal rights. In case anything should go wrong, he also told him where he could be found on the other side of the river. They crossed the river in a leaky skiff, Brother O. P. Rockwell rowing, and Joseph, Hyrum and the Doctor baling out the water with their boots and shoes, to keep it from sinking. Upon their arrival Bro. Rockwell was sent back to Nauvoo to get horses for Joseph and Hyrum, which he was to pass over the river secretly

the next night, so that they might be ready to start for this country.

On the morning of the 23rd a company of men arrived at Nauvoo from Carthage to arrest Joseph; but they did not remain long. They tried to find him and could not, then they started back. They left one man behind them, however, who told one of the brethren what Governor Ford would do if Joseph and Hyrum were not given up to him; he would send his troops and guard the city until they were found, if it took three years to do it. It is very likely that the Governor had said this; it is just such a remark as might be expected from him. But if Joseph and Hyrum had started for these mountains, he and his troops would have soon got tired of guarding the city, and gone about their business. The fear, however, that the Governor would do something of the kind, or that trouble would come upon the people and city, had its effect upon some few individuals. They were alarmed at Joseph and Hyrum going away. Joseph's wife also had written to him, and sent a messenger to intreat him to return to Nauvoo and to give himself up. These people either did not know how full of the spirit of murder the mob was, or they did not care whether Joseph was killed or not, so they escaped. The Governor had pledged his faith and the faith of the State to protect him while he had a fair trial, and this they thought ought to be sufficient for Joseph to rely upon. How little they knew about the Governor and his pledges, subsequent events proved.

The messenger found Joseph, Hyrum and Willard in a room by themselves, with the provisions which they needed for the journey ready for packing. Joseph was urged by him and others, who came over from Nauvoo, to return and give himself up. He was told that it was cowardice in him to wish to leave the people—it would be like the shepherd running from the flock and leaving the sheep to be devoured by wolves. What language to use to a man as spirited as Joseph, who had never flinched in the hour of danger; but had always been ready to bare his breast to the storm and shown his willingness to die to save the people from difficulty! The reply which he made conveys an idea of the effect these remarks had upon him, and how deeply he was wounded by them. "If my life is of no value to my friends," said he, "it is of none to myself." He only lived for the kingdom of God and his friends. If those who ought to be his friends, and who ought to have an interest in his escaping from the hands of his enemies, were desirous to have him go where certain death awaited him, he was ready to take that step.

When it was decided to go back, he remarked: "we shall be butchered." There seems to have been no doubt upon his mind respecting the result of giving himself up. He was quite clear upon this point. On the other hand he knew that if he and Hyrum could get away, the storm would blow over and the Saints would not be injured; but he would not go, even to save his life, against the wishes of his friends. This appears to have been the turning point in his and his brother Hyrum's fate. They were now free, and the door of escape was open; but once in the hands of Governor Ford, or of the mob, for they were one and the same, then there was no longer hope; they were doomed victims.

(To be continued.)

WEAR your learning like a watch, in a private pocket, and don't endeavor to show it unless you are asked what o'clock it is.

IF you cannot do as well as you wish, do as well as you can.

[For the *Juvenile Instructor.* .
**PLEASANT AMUSE-
MENTS.**

VERY often, when children get together, they want to have some kind of amusement that is new. They get tired of the old ones.

"Who knows a new play?"

Let me tell you about some plays very common at the West among children. They may be new to some of you at least.

One is called "Guess." It affords a fine chance for the display of "ventriloquistic" powers, and is quite amusing.

The children form a circle, each joining hands with those on each side. Then some one is detailed to act as "Guesser." This one takes his place in the ring and has to be blindfolded. He is then given a stick. He then says "March!" and the circle moves around until he says "Halt!" He then reaches out his stick and touches some one in the circle. The person touched takes hold of the stick. The "Guesser" then asks: "Who is it?" And here the fun comes in.

The person who holds the other end of the stick must respond to all questions asked him by the "Guesser," but must try to alter or disguise his voice in such a way as to deceive the other. If the "Guesser" fails to name the right person, after asking five questions, the circle marches again, and another member has to go through with the examination. If, however, the "Guesser" calls the name of the person he is questioning before the five questions are asked, this person takes his place in the ring, and he becomes "Guesser."

Another very popular play, and a very amusing one, is called "Stage Coach."

The children sit around the room, taking care that every seat is occupied, so that one boy or girl is left to stand in the centre. The person thus left standing proceeds to give each person in the room the name of some part of the stage coach. For instance, one is given the wheels, another becomes the axle, another the tongue, one the reach, another the tire, and so on. If desired, some one can be called the horse, another the tugs, and the different parts of the harness be divided among the children. It affords much amusement to give some one the name of grandma, another that of grandpa, and another grandma's snuff-box or grandpa's cane.

The person remaining then begins in something like this way:

"The driver got up one morning and hitched up his horses. He got out his coach and examined the tire, looked at the wheels, the hubs, and the axles; fixed the reach, cleaned the tongue, and put on the horses. He then drove down to the house and got grandma and grandpa, her snuff-box and his cane, and started off. He went about a mile, and then the stage-coach tripped over."

Now the fun is like this: If you had the name of driver and I was a hub, and Johnny, here, was a tongue, when the person who stands in the centre calls our names—that is, you understand, the names he has given us, we must get up and turn round and then sit down.

Thus, if he says, "The driver got up," you must get up and turn around then he goes on "and looked at the hub of his wagon wheel"—why, there I, being hub, must get up and turn around; and if any one in the room happens to be called a wheel, that person must go through the same performance, and when he tells about the tongue, then Johnny must respond in the same way. If you should not respond when he calls your

name, you must pay a forfeit. You see, therefore, that you must be on the look-out, and not get caught napping. When he says the stage tipped over, then ensues a general scramble, for we must all change seats. Every one must secure a new one. Of course, the person who stood in the centre will aim to secure a seat, and if he gets one, it is plain to see that some one must be left without, as there were only seats enough for all the children but one at the commencement of the play. The person left standing must take the place of the one who told us about the stage, and see what sort of a story he can get up about the different parts of the coach, the harness, grandma and her snuff box, and grandpa and his cane.

Be lively and keep on the alert, for ten chances to one he will call your name when least you think. This is a very lively play and I know you will like it.

Try it.

**OUR BIRTHRIGHT OF
FREEDOM.**

Are we, the sons of American soil,
Reared high on the mountains to struggle and toil,
To tamely submit to let despots destroy
Every right, that as freemen we wish to enjoy?

While here we are exiled from our own beloved home,
Let us claim the pure birthright of freedom, our own,
We'll wave the bright banner of peace day by day,
And call on all nations the truth to obey.

Shall we, the proud sons of our patriot sires,
Stand idling around until freedom expires?
No! we'll gird on the sword of the Spirit, and meet
The foes of the Lord, and bid them retreat.

Shall the blood of the prophets that's been shed in our cause,
Vainly call us to stand and adhere to our laws?
No! like them let us honor our priesthood and head,
Though like them we be martyr'd and join with the dead.

Oscar B. Young.

QUEEN Caroline, one day observing that her daughter, the late Princess of Orange, had made one of the ladies stand a long time, while she was talking to her upon some trivial subject, indeed, until she was almost ready to faint, was resolved to give her a practical reprimand for her ill-behavior, that she should have more than verbal precept. When the Princess came to her in the evening, therefore, as usual, to read to her, and was drawing herself a chair to sit down on, the Queen said, "No, my dear, you must not sit at present; for I intend to make you stand this evening as long as you suffered Lady—to remain to-day in the same position. She is a woman of the first quality, but had she been a nursery-maid, you should have remembered she was a human creature as well as yourself."

A BOY named Henry Johnson, living in Michigan, climbed into an apple-tree, back of a farmer's house, the other night, and imitated the hooting of an owl so accurately that the farmer rushed out and put nine buckshot into him. It is said that Henry has not hooted since.

"There is a lesson in each flower,
A story in each stream and bower;
In every herb on which we tread
Are written words which, rightly read,
Will lead us from earth's fragrant sod,
To hope and holiness in God."

[For the Juvenile Instructor.
THE OLD BASKET-MAKER.

WE do not think that the scene represented in this picture is to be found in Utah, nor does it seem like an American scene. It is probably a view of some little spot in England, as the old thatched cottage and the aged basket-maker both look as though they belonged to that country. The poor basket-maker appears to be very old to have to work for his living, and a poor living it no doubt is that he obtains from his trade; yet he seems happy and contented, and is most likely giving the boy some good advice, who looks as though he needed it. It seems hard that the aged and infirm who are poor should have to toil day after day for a little food; but so it is nearly all over the world. It will not be so always; the time will come in the kingdom of God when there will be no necessity for very old people to labor hard. But such persons have to labor hard now in the world. Why? Because men and women have not kept the laws God has

given to them. If they had done so, many of the evils that abound in the world, and that, in part, still exist among the saints, would have long ago passed away and this amongst the rest. We wonder what the old gentleman is telling the boy. Something worth hearing, we'll be bound. We know one thing he could say with truth. "My boy, if you

wish to live to a good old age like me, there is no surer way than by obeying your parents; for God has said, 'Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee,' and He has nowhere promised a long life to a disobedient child."

We hope the old basket maker is happy; we think one so industrious at his age should be. And we have no doubt he is, if he is a good man, and we are more apt to believe he is good, seeing he is busy than if he were standing idling about with his hands in his pockets. We do not admire idlers, though we do not like the idea of the very aged being compelled to do hard work for a living. But if we enjoy health and strength, we all can be useful. Some of us think we are too young or too little. Even then we can belong to the "try family," and if we "try, try, try again," we are sure to find out something that we can do to help our parents or some one else who will be pleased to see our willingness. By the way, if we go to school we can help our teachers. "How so?" By paying attention to their words, learning our lessons well and behaving ourselves in school like good boys and girls. That is the way to aid our teachers, and do ourselves good also; for if we conduct ourselves in this manner, they will be able to teach us much more and with much greater pleasure to themselves. Good bye for the present, we have said enough to-day.

T. Z.



[For the Juvenile Instructor.

Original Poetry.

TO THE SUNBEAM.

O, beautiful sunbeam!
 We're thankful for yon;
 Without your kind visits,
 Pray, what should we do?

Thou life pulse of nature—
 Promoter of health;
 Inspiring all beauty—
 Creating all wealth.

You draw forth the products
 Of earth to our view;
 They gather their sweetness,
 And richness from you.

You polish the blossoms,
 That gladden our sight;
 Their beauty and fragrance,
 Are formed by your light.

There's life in your presence,
 And strength in your wing;
 You prompt the gay carol,
 And music of Spring.

You dance on the hill top—
 You glide o'er the lawn—
 You warm up the breezes,
 As summer comes on.

You sport on the lattice,
 And enter the bowers;
 You strengthen the fibres,
 Of herbage and flowers.

You flit thro' the window,
 You creep on the walls;
 Give joy to the parlors,
 The kitchen and halls.

You give us the morning,
 Aud day's brilliant light;
 And your's are the moon-beams
 That cheer us at night.

Thou beautiful sunbeam!
 More precious than dew,
 You are richer than jewels—
 We're thankful for you.

E. R. S.

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